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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

THIRTY-TWO

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The BOYS™

THIRTY-TWO

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

Written by:
GARTH ENNIS

Lettered by:
SIMON BOWLAND

Illustrated by:
CARLOS EZQUERRA

Colored by:
TONY AVIÑA

Inked by:
HECTOR EZQUERRA

Cover by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

The Boys Created By:
ENNIS & ROBERTSON

DYNAMITE® ENTERTAINMENT

FOR DYNAMTE ENTERTAINMENT

NICK BARRUCCI • PRESIDENT
JUAN COLLADO • CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER
JOSEPH RYBANDT • ASSOCIATE EDITOR
JOSH JOHNSON • CREATIVE DIRECTOR
JASON ULLMEYER • GRAPHIC DESIGNER

COMIC SHOP LOCATOR SERVICE
COMICS
888-COMIC-BOOK
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ELLE PARAIT...

SI PETITE.

THE SELF-PRESERVATION SOCIETY

part two

WHERE WAS SHE?

FRENCHIE?

FOUND FIVE BLOCKS FROM HERE. THEY DISCOVERED ME WITHIN HER 'PHONE.

ELLE... ETAIT...

I KNOW WHAT SHE WAS DOIN'.

AN' IT WEREN'T SOME EYETIE WANKER DONE THAT TO HER.

SOMEONE'S HAVIN' A GO, AIN'T THEY?

SOMEONE'S HAVIN' A FUCKIN' GO AT *US*.

BUT I LOOK LIKE A *PORN STAR...!*

OH, *NONSENSE,* SWEETIE!

YOU LOOK *WONDERFUL,* YOU LOOK LIKE AN ABSOLUTE *VIXEN!*

RRRRRRR!

BUT THIS ISN'T ME! THIS IS SOME SORT OF MASTURBATOR'S FANTASY, IT HASN'T GOT ANYTHING TO DO WITH ME AT ALL!

OH, BUT IT WILL, HONEY! I PROMISE YOU IT WILL!

JUST AS SOON AS THEY FINISH THE NEW ORIGIN...

HOW WOULD THEY KNOW ABOUT HER?

FEMALE'S GOT A REP.

LOTTA DIFFERENT CREWS USE HER. YOU WANNA FIND HER, YOU START PUTTIN' OUT FEELERS TO THE MOB.

YOU PAY.

SO WHY THE FUCK DIDN'T FRENCHIE STOP HER *DOIN' IT--?*

WHY THE FUCK DON'T YOU STOP THE TIDE FROM COMIN' IN?

...AH, CHRIST.

IT NEVER STOPS, DOES IT? IT JUST KEEPS GOIN' ROUND AN' ROUND.

LIKE WE'VE HIT THEM-- WHOEVER *THEY* ARE, WE'RE SPOILT FOR CHOICE--SO THEY HIT US BACK. THE WHOLE BLOODY THING JUST *FEEDS ITSELF...*

BIG BOYS' RULES, CHUM. YOU KNOW THAT.

BIG BOYS' RULES? THAT WEE GIRL'S IN A *COMA--!*

I MEAN WHAT ELSE GETS WRITTEN OFF WI' SHITE LIKE THAT? A HUNDRED PEOPLE SHOT TO BITS AN' BURNED ALIVE, IS THAT BIG BOYS' RULES TOO? THOSE LADS FROM G-WIZ, WHAT WAS THAT, ***YOU CAN'T MAKE AN OMELETTE WITHOUT BREAKIN' A FEW FUCKIN' EGGS?***

TELL ME, PLEASE. I WANNA KNOW. I WANNA KNOW THE NEXT NIGHTMARE I'M GONNA BE LIVIN' OVER AN OVER IN MY HEAD, WI' NOTHIN' TO STOP IT EXCEPT THESE ***ZINGERS*** O' YOURS...!

NOT NOW, HUGHIE...

WHY NO'? IS THERE A BETTER TIME THAN NOW, WI' ONE OF US BEATEN HALF TO FUCKIN' DEATH?

SHE KNEW THE RISKS AN' SHE ACCEPTED THEM, NOT LIKE SOME--

FUCK *OFF*--

THIS REALLY A HOSPITAL?

YOU WHAT?

THIS PLACE.

'COURSE IT'S A HOSPITAL, IT'S GOT NURSES AN' ALL. THERE'S AMBULANCES COMIN' AN' GOIN'.

THERE'S ONE PARKED OUT FRONT. THREE NURSES DOWNSTAIRS AN' A DUDE AT THE DESK WHEN WE COME IN.

OR TWO NURSES.

GO TAKE A LOOK, YOU RECKON THEY'LL STILL BE THERE?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, I WAS *RAPED*--?

WELL NOT IN REAL LIFE, OBVIOUSLY, IN THE COMICS...

THE VICTORY PEOPLE CAN PROBABLY EXPLAIN IT BETTER THAN WE CAN...

NO, NO, YOU CARRY ON...!

WELL-- I THINK THAT'S THE IDEA BEHIND THE COSTUME CHANGE--

YES, YOU SEE, YOU GET RAPED--IN YOUR COMIC--AND THAT'S WHAT MAKES YOU GO ALL SORT OF DARK AND, AND... YOU KNOW.

SEXUAL.

WHAT--

WHO--

IN WHOSE *MIND* DOES THIS--

IT'S, YOU KNOW, IT'S VICTORY COMICS. THEY'RE EVER SO FOND OF RAPE, DEAR.

THEY ARE, THEY REALLY ARE. NOTHING GOES TOGETHER LIKE SUPES AND RAPE, THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY AT VICTORY.

LISTEN, YOU *AAOOW!!*

OH--!

--NOT WEARING THESE STUPID THINGS, YOU CAN'T WALK TWO YARDS IN THEM--

BUT IT'S ALL PART OF THE NEW ORIGIN, HONEY!

THE RETCON REBOOT! THE RE-IMAGINING!

THEY CAN STICK THE NEW ORIGIN ALONG WITH THE NEW OUTFIT. I'M NOT DOING ANY OF IT.

LIKE TO KNOW WHO COMES UP WITH THIS ***DERANGED GARBAGE***...

OH, BUT IT'S NOT DERANGED AT ALL--!

IT'S GOOD FOR SALES! AND THE SEVEN HAVE A LOT TO DO IN THAT DEPARTMENT, NOW THAT THE G-MEN ARE GONE!

AND SUPERHEROINES GETTING SEXUALLY ASSAULTED'S GOOD FOR SALES, IS IT? ACTUALLY, DON'T ANSWER THAT...

IT MAKES IT ***DARK,*** HONEY! DARK SELLS!

IT'S A NICE JUXTAPOSITION WITH ALL THOSE BRIGHT COLORS, THAT'S WHAT THE WRITER-MAN SAYS!

WELL, I'M NOT HAVING ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT.

I'D LIKE YOU TO LEAVE SO I CAN CHANGE, PLEASE.

OH, WE DON'T MIND ABOUT THAT, SWEETIE--!

I MIND!!

AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT, I WAS ALMOST RAPED! ME! IN REAL LIFE! AND IT DIDN'T MAKE ME DARK AND IT DIDN'T MAKE ME SEXUAL, IT MADE ME WANT TO SCREAM UNTIL I DIED!

OOOOKAY... OFF WE GO...

B-B-B-BUT WHAT ABOUT THE BOOB JOB?

WHAT DID YOU JUST--

ONE THING AT A TIME...

M'SIEUR CHARCUTER, JE SUIS DESOLE--

TOO LATE NOW, MATE.

I DID NOT THINK, I GOT THE CALL AND--OH, DESOLE, *DESOLE--!*

GET FRENCHIE AN' HER THROUGH, RIGHT? WHATEVER HAPPENS, WHOEVER THIS IS, *GET FRENCHIE THROUGH!*

UH-HUH.

BUT--

WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT--?

SONIC BOOM.

KEEP GOIN'.

STRAIGHT IN!!

BBZZZZZZ!

OREGON!

SHIT--!

I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

...HELLO...?

HELLO, ARE YOU THERE?

I'M HERE.

I SAID I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

WE JUST LOST THE G-MEN ON YOUR RECOMMENDATION. WE'RE NOW RISKING OUR CURRENT SECOND-HIGHEST EARNERS IN DIRECT ACTION--AGAINST A PARTICULARLY DANGEROUS GROUP OF OPPONENTS...

NO, I UNDERSTAND THE THINKING BEHIND YOUR REMARK.

I JUST DON'T RECALL HEARING ANYTHING LIKE IT FROM YOU EVER BEFORE.

WAAAAHH!!

OH, JESUS--!

DON'T BOTHER TO GET UP...

NEBRASKA!

ARKANSAS!

MAINE!

NAAAAAHH--!

MERDE!

WHHOOOOFFF

FIRST THE SLANT AND NOW THE WOG.

MEINEN GLUCKLICHEN TAG.

OKLAHOMAAAAAAAAAAAHH!!

NNEEEIIIIIGGGHHHH!

STOP PLAYING WITH THEM, DUMMKOPFE!

AAAH, YOU FUCKING LITTLE--

NAAAAAAAHH!
NNAAAAAAAAAHHH!!

HANDE AB MIR
SCHWARZES SCHWEIN
AAAAAAAAAHHH!!

AAAAAAAAAA

AW NO--

FUCKER!

GGUUUNNGGG

NO' THE WEE DUG! NO!

RRAAAAAAHHHH!!

GET M.M. OUT--

WAAAH!

GET HIM OUT--!

DON'T COME BACK IN HERE AN' DON'T LET FRENCHIE IN NEITHER.

?

JESUS CHRIST--!

BITE *ME*, WOULD YOU, YOU LITTLE SHIT...?

YOU FUCKING CUR, COME OUT AND TAKE YOUR MEDICINE...

I'M THE *CRIMSON COUNTESS*, YOU THINK YOU CAN-- *OHHH--!*

I CAN *MELT STEEL*, FUCKER, I'LL MICROWAVE YOUR GUTS AND PUNCH THEM OUT YOUR ASSHOLE...

I'LL--

STAY STILL.

GOOD DOG.

GOOD LITTLE BALL OF FUCKING *SHIT--*

HKKK

EEYUH

COUNTESS--!

BBZZZZZZ

I DON'T KNOW, I CAN'T-- I CAN'T READ HER--

IT'S LIKE SHE JUST GOT *SWITCHED OFF...*

...BUT HE'S IN THERE ON HIS OWN, THERE'S *FIVE* O' THE BASTARDS...!

OUI.

PAUVRE PAYBACK. I ALMOST FEEL SORROW FOR THEM.

THEY ARE STUCK IN THERE WITH HIM.

PORTLAND

OH, FUCK ME.

SHE'S...

SHE'S...

KAPUT.

JESUS CHRIST, WHAT THE FUCK WERE VOUGHT THINKING? SENDING US AFTER GUYS LIKE *THESE?*

BBZZZZZZ!

NIH FOUD ID...

NOU THIG EYLL BE ABBU DUH THOW ID BAG OD?

SCHWEINER AMERIKANER...

NOHD CAWD BE DAD!

SHUT UP.

I AM IN COMMAND HERE. THIS WILL NOT BE ONE OF YOUR PATHETIC FAILURES.

NEY!

SWATTO, GET ALOFT. AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE. MIND-DROID, PICK UP WHOEVER DID THIS TO THE COUNTESS, DETERMINE THEIR EXACT LOCATION.

WHAD ABOUD BE?

NEY! IHB DOGGIG DO OO!

OH...!

WHAT IS IT?

I'M GETTING... ONE OF THEM...

JESUS, HE KNOWS I'M READING HIM, HE--OKAY, THERE'S SOMETHING COMING THROUGH!

IT'S VERY FAINT. IT'S...IT'S...

"YOU'RE NEXT, CUNTS."

next: WHAT HE SAID